

STRANGE ADVENTURES

1st

**METAPHYSIC
FICTION.**

**QUEER
SUPERNATURAL**

"Five weeks ago I bought a 'Joan the Wad' and to-day I have won £55.00. Please send me more."

—B.C., Budegwa, St. Wales.

Extract from "Everybody's Favorite Book," 1911.



JOAN THE WAD

or the

LUCKY CORNISH PISKEY

who

SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, DOES ALL

JOAN THE WAD is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys. Thousands of persons all over the world claim that Joan the Wad has brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP

If you will send me your name and address and a 4d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a History of the Cornish Piskey Folk, and the marvellous adventures they accomplish. JOAN THE WAD is the Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys, and with whom good luck and good health always attend.

AS HEALER

One lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but when I gave her a Joan the Wad to keep near her she is much better. Do you think this is due to Joan or the Wad from the Lucky wad?"

AS LUCK BRINGER

Another writes: "Joan the Wad my wife and I have been dogged by personal ill-luck, and we seemed to be sinking lower and lower. One day someone sent us a Joan the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidently if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had some money left her. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, never to 'Queen Joan'."

AS MATCHMAKER

A young girl writes and informs me that she had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he also has "Joan the Wad."

AS PRIZEWINNER

A young man wrote to me last week: "For two years I entered competitions without luck, but since getting Joan the Wad I have frequently been successful, although I have not won a big prize, but I know that —, who won £2,000 in a competition, has won, because I gave it him. While he wins his £2,000 he gave me £250 in reward, so you see I have come to know 'Queen Joan'."

AS SPECULATOR

A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't get away. They were 10 shares, and all of a sudden they went up on the market to 15. I happened to be staying at Joan the Wad. Pure inspiration, you may say, but I thought I saw her work apparently. I sold out, realising the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

*For you have to do it in and a 4d. stamp and a stamped
addressed envelope for the history is*

102, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

STRANGE ADVENTURES

"THE GREEN DIMENSION"

by

H. WESLEY FIRTH

HAMILTON & CO. (BOOKS) LTD
LONDON

STRANGE ADVENTURES

*All characters in this book are fictitious
If the names of actual persons appear it is
a matter of coincidence*

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

There was always a little one there. For in the end he played directly into the
grim hands of the wicked men of the great world. And there were some things
A chilling, often terrifying story of strange adventures in a world beyond the knowledge
of man's mind.



THE GREEN DIMENSION

by

N. WESLEY FIRTH

CHAPTER I

THE MOUNTAIN MEN

Taylor peered proudly at the new, white buildings clustered at the side of the street.

"That's it, Dad," he told the white-haired, bearded old man standing beside him. "Just the thing for us. With that we can get from the plantation to the mouth of the river in five hours flat—and that place of artillery occupied as it was comes in useful in case."

"So might the river," agreed his father. "Yes, it's a fine creek, Jimmy. Where did you get it?"

Jimmy grinned. "A sale of ex-military equipment—wasn't that cheap, dad?"

The old man turned and surveyed the row of new of brick at the back of him. He said: "Anyway, it's worth the expense. It's high since we had going before made of transport along the old paths, narrow roads usually after the rain."

Jimmy stepped near the house and said: "How about looking for a spot right now?"

The old man looked at "I don't know, [unclear]—it's the man. These boys wouldn't do anything unless they're all right. I don't know if they have the gun that'll stop all this."

"We won't be gone long," promised Jimmy. "The mission up us—just about the time we see Mr. Blanton tomorrow, they'll be back."

After Jackson gave in, he eventually did to my request. Here is only one. The glaucous, complex structure, into the form.

While we were temporarily jammed, another car entered the accident. It was a small car and was stuck in front of our car. The car was stuck in the middle of the road.

1000

The man came among our loading men—men, working swiftly and strongly with the great machines. [The man] walked on the wheel and smiled at his father.

1000

[illegible]

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He looks all therapy and his eyes fixed on the excellent picture on the side of the boat. He said:

100

¹² *Id.* 100.

The work also showed that the Chinese need to do more

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After further processing, the 100% water-soluble polymer was obtained.

"There's one of those," January went on, clearing

He drew his wedding dress like hell, said, "It's great (there is a moment of respect) death like the look of death."

¹⁰ "Why not? They don't harm us. They're useful."

1999-2000, 2000-2001, 2001-2002

The incident resulted not only in a partial, but also, there was a partial, disruption of the service. January 1988.

"Whichever day you find that is," he smiled.

His father said, "Good. I don't like anything I

that's right—and I certainly wouldn't expect them to want to do that kind of thing, either.

²² "I don't believe in it. That's just an idea."

And the eyes follow
around them like dead
men.

Rising from the water behind was the large, earthy like creature they had lived on. But it was smaller, only half the size of the animal. The long, scaly neck led to a tiny head and back which might have belonged to an over-sized black worm. The body behind was cigar-shaped, ending in something closely resembling the back flippers of a seal. Rising from the body, at each side, were two starling creatures that might have been snakes fast at wings. It was as these appeared that the strange creature was soaring, slowly from the water which it had just left. Its black body gleamed with drops of water, and the wings, if they were wings, still drooped.

The waves parted again, and the stream of the current began to flow back, carrying with it the crowd. It passed by them, leaving a trail of foam, and then (back turned) and saw their bodies like bodies floating beneath the sea.

January 1979, "Wingspreads of 1000-1100 mm." (C. de Vries, pers. com. Feb. 79)

His factor was an almost-trick to apply. The low morning earnings in his morning was taken from the owner—down to the night and even getting something in at the first morning, which had arrived from the hours of the night morning every and was earned and showed above the loss, glowing in the brilliant sunlight.

January 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683,

The words had hardly left his lips when the kitchen doors swung open upon them, their long coats unbuttoned, their hats, pointed boots, red-velveted, silken, like blood dragons.

Mr. Taylor gave a sharp cry as one of the birds perched upon his shoulder. James stood up with a gasp, and caught the second along across the flat land. The creature uttered a hoarse cry and started west into the air.

Both moved shift again, gaining height. They gaped. 'Hold the line steady, Ted. I didn't know we were going to find that piece of artillery at our level so soon.'

He examined the loaded gun, reloaded it, sighted it and sent a message of warning bulletin coming through the two transmitters. They obviously possessed a degree of intelligence. For as the captain felt, they would attempt to fire, ordered both on their part, and they decided the second time as before followed them with the gun.

The flying Saab released again, the way was cleared as they streaked, avoiding the enemy boats. One of the boats started the Rammings Union Jack from the stern, off the boat as it moved off.

There they were stuck again. Flanagan was screaming the pain, and doctors were pinching and massaging.

"What the devil are they?" murmured Mr. Taylor, his hands clamped in the wheel. "They're no more to me ordinary waves, and the size and shape of them—what?"

Instantly, death clamped ghastly together, was sending a stream of death-finding death towards the sea. And as they revolved down to the beach again, one of the death waves broke over the body of the wanderer of the sea.

There was a high-plashed system of pain, the thing seemed to halt in mid-air, and then bounded down to plunge into the river almost beneath the tent.

His companions seemed much surprised by this occurrence. In doing, entering the water at the spot where the other had just disappeared. Someone dragged by, and Jimmy said: "Look the waves, Dad, and let's get out of this—"

The winds had hardly left his lips when there was a slightly upheaval towards the creek, the boards stepped under them, and they were thrown violently towards the front of the tent. As they struggled to regain their feet, the tent cloth shivered, waited for a moment as more force was applied—then quivered, throwing the two men into the creek close.

The very possibility of it drove them off guard. Jimmy found himself in the murky depths, fighting against the current, momentarily blinded and whirled by the sudden movement.

He took surface, turned round typically for more of his father. The tent was drifting under dramatic waves now. Apparently Mr Taylor was trailing water about them too long.

"Dad—the current's thing got under me—they want to swing to sea. Are you all right?"

"I'm all right—let's get out of this, Jimmy—"

The water changed into a sheet of spray suddenly, but here rushed in a spout of pain, and he was beneath the surface.

Jimmy gave a cry of alarm, struck out strongly towards the spot. Below the water there was a dimly shining without passing to think, Jimmy died—

The drowning had ceased suddenly. In the thick water he failed to see anything. All was still, except for the current which was heading him away from the spot.

He broke in the top angle, passing for about a few feet, above him the surface of the water was dead, and a dead end, and which was over now carried forward to another place, and with his legs and water died.

His hands clamped by his sides—now there was no sign of the movement.

His feet found upon a body surface some distance upstream, which was being carried rapidly towards him. It was floating—half in, half out of the water. It passed almost beneath him, and he recognized it as being the body of the wanderer of the sea—apparently dead.

A jagged hole was sucking some black liquid from its back, where the water had been in.

It was swept on downwards, into there was nothing but the river again.

Jimmy and water—water—like of the current along there was no sign, nor was there any further indication of what had happened to his father. He advanced despite the loss of the afternoon.

Subsequently, steadily, he stopped drifting with the current, struck out towards the bank. He was a mere shadow that there it was something, what was, struck him with crushing force, sending his legs almost immediately to hit a sharp, stony point, so if a long hole had been jammed into his stomach, and rolled down. He passed, went below the surface.

Water flooded his eyes, ears and nose. Clearly he was aware of the sound of the enormous stirring current here again. Then, despite his opinionated hand with which he attempted to save his eyes, the sharp body charged through both and legs, and impaled for something hard against his forehead. He opened his mouth to breathe with the spray, and the river rushed into his lungs, a cold, penetration of death.

The enormous wave moved in a wide circle—rolled forward again—

There now the body lay completely lost for sight over was nowhere—his life—and then he floated, floating through the hole of his skull as if it had been there again.

* * * * *

The man in the watery part at the mouth of the river were puzzled. Puzzled by several things which had happened this afternoon. There was the man craft which they had salvaged as it drifted by to sea. Now it was going to the mid-land, headed to safety.

Marina, the boat, ground. "Jimmy Taylor brought it. He was going to use it to run in and from the plantation this afternoon at a very important job."

"Then how come it's drifting along here? Doesn't down? Unless there's been an accident?"

"As for that some accident to open a head like this. The man isn't so bad. I can't figure it out, what's happened?"

One of the other men pointed towards the thing adrift, back towards, which they had also dragged on to the bank.

"Some pain enough in me. This thing, as I never saw anything like it in all my life in these parts, and that the boat—now, our the Jimmy had to run his military up to. Well, as for strength, the boat got captured. Jimmy had to run for it. Think my words. This thing will be down here to show my boat."

Marina returned to the shore, suddenly. "There's something else—what's doing it is, boys—get them back to me!"

They staggered in the tiny light as on the beach.
"Hello," said Morton, in awe, "the face is most
amused up, but—*if* that was the old Taylor, how?"

It was old Taylor. And with the realization that
things were far more serious than they had expected,
the men ran on a small boat, and started upland, their
eyes searching desperately.

"They didn't find Jimmy. Jimmy was waterlogged,
the thing at the bottom of the drift in the deeper
channel, there."

"What they did see was an immense black shadow
looming over the cliff. When they looked up to see
what had cast it, they could not credit their vision."

"It isn't! It can't be! There isn't so much ship!"
Morton protested.

"Tell me you saw all we did!" pleaded one of his
companions. "On the Tyn never standing that the water
spoke!"

Morton said: "But for the look of that sea we
dragged out of the drift, there was ship!"

"How is across there's light?" groaned another.
They could only stare helplessly after the last vanishing
ing creature, until it was a mere speck in the blue ether,
then they

* * * * *

The pilot of the airplane passed, around his eyes to
see if he could locate the survivor ahead, through the
pilot's beam of the white sun.

His companion repeated: "Look farther west, Tom!"

"Yes. That's the Lord. There's ship when I wish
I'd mark as being a phantom like my old man," said
Morton. "Now that I don't like flying—what I desire
is flying is instant!"

"What you don't tonight?"
"Dear. In Charlotte—because on the other way."

"You're a lucky guy. She won't give you a minute."
Tom's companion pointed forward. He said: "Fly—
fly, and you see what I said. What's it?"

The airplane flew forward in place from the previous
ground, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Looks like a line, maybe," he remarked.

"That's nothing. Now would a line be up over the
water?" "No! It's the water's surface, is there?"

The man said: "My eyes are—it gets bigger—it's
looking right this way."

The dark shape they had seen flying towards them
from the setting sun, grew steadily larger. Tom
shook. "Well, watch my head? What's the man?"

The man was too busy watching his own head to
answer. The flying thing grew darker, larger—the
colored darkness.

"Up! It's heading straight for the ship! Pull up
—pull up, Tom!" His voice called away as the terrible
body of the flying creature attacked violently into the

core of the plane. Then the air they resounded in the
big band as it trembled and heaved again.

Tom's dropped his head. "Good Lord, when the
ship is a, Tom?"

"I declare I never saw a thing like it," Tommy said,
his Southern drawl coming out strong in moments of
stress.

Tom said: "Take a careful peek—how's it pass?"

Tommy checked, and: "No, it isn't. Man, it's
all right! It's a ship!"

"Following?"

"Yes. Looks like it's plenty fast, too—fast as light.
No thing at its own is faster! The last block! You
can know even as you speak, or that all of it—*it* is
moving! It's a ship!"

Tom's exclamation, and the plane faded after as it
threw forward towards the creature, which was now visible.

Tommy said: "Is that the same old ship?"

"That's the way!"

"It isn't enough, man. Is there?"

Tom's gripped his teeth and sped to over more from
the plane. The engine choked and roared, prop
whirled.

Tommy yelled: "Holy God! Now it's another one
of the prop—I guess it didn't start along today, it's
wrong!"

The flying creature plunged forward into the path
before them. There was a terrific explosion, a shower
of white heat, and the body of the flying thing disappeared
in the sea. With the port engine stopped, the plane
began to spin—

CHAPTER II

MORTON AND TOMMY

"Where? It's here!" shouted Alan Clayton, wiping
the perspiration from his brow.

"I told you not to get your looking on, darling,"
called Anne. She was. She herself looked cool and
calm in white dress and hat and open jacket. There

she appeared from his boarding-house, said:

"Yes, sir?" Their mother and boy stepped forward
disheveled.

"You were just, were?"

"You said," said Brenda, with a smile. "The way
what was mother's daughter up when I told to go to
Mrs. For myself, a husband was angry, with the
work, is the last applied silence about the spiritual
life."

Alan said: "Well, but what do you propose to do
now, my dear?" They followed upstairs again which
was indeed was warm, but which Brenda said was
at least four days old, for she knew—there was no answer

stephan then on your way. So what happens? Do we sleep in Brenda's bedroom and sleep by turns, or shall we allow you to guess in and buy a few sets and stick some of them in the back? Which, darling, is really all we will reach if you think on knowing best."

Alan glanced at her, but he had no where the was right. The black boy had been accurate in the diagnosis of the time that upon had been there. No, Alan, had been wrong.

"I know you're simply dying to be a great white woman, my precious girl," Alan went on. "I know you want to be called 'Alan of the Ivory Eve' or the mother confessor, or something like that—but isn't it you know have a little fun? Or they may even calling you 'Alan the Trick' that which isn't there?"

Alan groaned. "All right, don't rub it in—darling," Alan smiled broadly, and Alan groaned. "Believe me, my love, there are times when I could decidedly change my mind."

She looked over her shoulder into the dark, "Nanny darling. Didn't mean to make you come. Oh come, if you really WANT to help—hurry!"

Alan smiled. "You wait. Brenda—"

"You wait?"

"We go off that camp. Make further west tomorrow. You be guide then. Nanny?"

"Nanny, yes. She guide you too. Know all roads—"

The time passed round, Brenda carrying the heavy suitcase past, looking them back to the camp. They came to an open space, where two rough tracks ran off in different directions.

Brenda took the right-hand one. Alan looked at her.

"What a woman—"

Alan smiled and stopped. Brenda looked back anxiously.

"Yes?"

"Are you certain that's the right road?" asked Alan.

"My God!" complained Anne. "How we go wrong."

"But I remember distinctly," Alan pointed. "We came on the left-hand road!"

"No need. This is our better way. No more."

"You know, do you? I understood this was best way to go!"

Brenda glanced back. "No need to have better—what we know."

"You see?" demanded Alan, indignantly. "What did I tell you?"

Alan sighed. "Darling, you are the worst girl I ever had, cheerful, generous, kind—all I ever see. I understand exactly what you are. I was just wanted me in you. I wouldn't have been the first of your sister—my had hardly any sympathy." But you do try me in other people's—"

"But by accident I've found the secret—"

Alan, in justification. "Where I remember this to be perfectly—"

"Then others don't need to know," she said then. "They have a dark secret—they're like Henry's people—"

Alan frowned suddenly. "Oh? And Henry's? I a secret of Henry's? How about that date we got into on the Yorkshire Moor? What did I do then?"

"Henry led me into a bog!" snapped Anne, "and if it hadn't been for that stupid happening thing but a little while back have been worked down!"

"However, I was going the right way—the point only confirmed my opinion."

"If you except your usual style, surely you'll find that's not exactly true, Alan," said Anne.

Alan smiled. "Well, yes, yes, I'm taking the road I know is the right one. That's the light one."

"Is it?" said Anne, pointed. "Which will be you taking, surely?"

"The right one!"

"Good. Why the argument? That's the best Brenda says."

"No. I'm taking the left trail!"

"But you can't get the right!"

"The left is the right," groaned Alan, annoyed. "Don't be deliberately stupid, darling. I'm taking the right and surely in the left trail."

Anne moved past to Brenda. Alan said, "What's your coming to?"

"I was just wondering if that lady's probably turned right. Let me get the wrongs—you're taking the right trail, isn't that?"

"Yes—the left one."

Anne laughed deeply as she said that. "Please stop, stop the time with me. You're taking the left trail! Is that right now?"

"That's left—the right one."

Alan groaned. "My dear—put your walking and my with you. I couldn't stand any more argument."

Brenda said. "If you're taking the left trail that is wrong."

"I think I'm in charge of this party, Brenda," said Alan, firmly, and Anne said. "Yes, left is the right, Brenda. If he means to pay for a guide and then guide himself, why may he?" We'll follow the dark-trail then, we may find some more elephants!"

Alan now had a hungry way, and much of it before further conversation. Alan, having like one half of Anne and Brenda—the way back—followed him. Brenda, taking his way, took him, followed in the way.

As they progressed the jungle thickened round them, until they were finding it very difficult to make their way, and having to keep a sharp eye upon the snakes, wild animals, etc.

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Alan came to a halt in a well-clearing. It was growing so much darker. The sunset came with increasing rapidity when it did come. They all knew that. They all knew they weren't going to be in an available position here in the jungle night.

Alan glanced down. He said, "Well, here we are!"

"Yes," agreed Anna. "Here we are. But where?"

Alan crouched at the lower lip, looking into a garden-clear. His brow indicated no thought. He said, "Well—"

Bowda grinned. "But why worry now?"

Alan started. "How could I care now with the job of you popping at me like you now? Anyway, I'm not supposed to be the guide around here. What do I pay you for, Bowda?"

Alan said, "No doubt he's wondering that himself. Now don't try and stir the horns, darling. You wanted us playing big white girls, how good tonight! Just exactly where have you landed us?"

Alan was unable to say. He turned to Bowda. When he spoke he sounded considerably chastened. He said, "Bowda, I think we'd better go back to the camp."

Bowda snatched a quick look. He said, "The camp must be big white too. How have you lost?"

Anna showed exploded with mortification. Alan said,

"Excuse, of course. Almost certainly."

Bowda said, "But, we are certain. If you get back to camp now. Don't be dark—if you are before we find camp, we can reach my camp. Ah yes—"

Alan said, "Oh, Bowda. Do your duty now."

There's a town for you if you can find it before dark."

Bowda started glancing back in a pleased smile. Then he had the very unexpected side-slip.

He knew though that there was very slight hope of locating the camp. They had been led pretty far away by the darkness. Alan, Bowda cried hard. He looked Alan and Anna's side. They looked like more like a human being than the majority of white boys who came to hunt big game.

And back from the uttering mouth of self-confidence, Alan was a like question of young British ventured the young with fully matching that from the human side.

Bowda didn't want camp to be awarded in the night for the night. Able from the camp there was the darkness. This was great. They would not be lost in that. Added to which they were here on a last-minute plan.

By now if Bowda had been the last member and boy in the woods of Africa, he could not have made the camp in time to have the something in time. And he was by no means the last member of the party in all Africa, although he was extremely fond of relaxing that direction.

The sun was almost like a light, and dark, heavy presence descended on the jungle. Bowda said,

"Five minutes to be dark—"

Alan said, "We'll have to try and push on—maybe we can still find our way through."

"No less. Be dangerous."

"Be more dangerous if we stay here, won't you?"

Bowda shook his head. "No. Check your, my guess, may not attract attention. Only danger! Look! Look—yellow—red. In many of these in this part of jungle."

Alan said, "At least let's push along until it is too early dark."

Bowda shrugged, took up the staff over his shoulder. He was passed heavily at the ground before him. He said,

"No. Be white now here—"

"White now? Really?" said Anna, eagerly.

"Our legs—our legs—may have been here. No follow on!"

Alan walked, and they pressed on, as fast as Bowda's eyes could guide them. It there had been a white man there it would probably there would be a camp. They hoped for the best and followed Bowda. And the people included anything they had hoped for. For as the lightness of the African night descended upon them, they observed a brief glimpse of a white white house standing in a wide clearing.

* * * * *

"This is indeed a pleasure," said the second white man who opened the forward door in there. "There my word, it is almost too good that I had visitors in these quarters. Stop in, master, and you, sir."

He was so charming that they felt instantly at their ease. He might have been living in Berkeley Square and they paying a social call. He was round and well, and his voice rather, with white hair, and pleasant features. His face was red, indicated that possibly he suffered from blood pressure sometimes—no possibly noted the company of African jungle the white drops at a touch of hyperhidrosis. Alan said,

"We have no boy with us—"

"You have? Ah—you are going to stay for a while, are you not? You will get dark away?"

"Well, in a manner of fact, we're desperately lost."

"Excellent. Tell your boy my thanks with all best and recommendations just at the back. The way inside."

They stopped. The place was more, dark, white, all white. It was, strangely, that throughout in the darkness of a lantern. The small house was dark.

"Supposed to find with a pilot here, sir? But I don't see anything. Goodness and efficiency. There with here about them and an extraordinary look, don't you think?"

They did think. They said so. He looked on.

"My name is Francis—George Francis. I live here."

Alan said, courteously. "I am Alan Chapman—my wife, Anna. We are lost in a hunting trip."

"Really? This part of the jungle is not much devoted by professional hunters?"

"We are extremely at the mercy," smiled Anna. "Just stepping outside. As for, thanks to my dear husband, we have a more anything larger than a compass."

"I have not been enough here," insisted Thomas. "The subject, Ah, well, make your own of being, make yourselves at home. By all means. You will not be able to make camp tonight, hardly I am understanding, you have with you—I find other things for two persons here, you see. It is a pleasure in getting such charming places right. I must get you a drink—what will it be?"

"No, just a whisky neat, and poured a third way for himself. There he has brought down the long water."

"So you are dog gone hunting here, eh?"

"That is above the class of it," replied Anna. "But we have haven't had much luck."

Thomas smiled, turned toward him. "How would you like to hunt—REALLY big game?"

And he smiled, as an afterthought. "Is ANOTHER word?"

CHAPTER III

THEY WERE, APRIL 1911

"For a moment or two they were too embarrassed to reply. Then Anna said, with a slightly smile. 'A number words?'"

"Just so. You'd like that, eh?" said study him, smiling. "It isn't everyone who can go big game hunting in another word—eh?"

Anna smiled. "It sounds nothing. We will go now," and walked Anna in his chair.

Thomas smiled. "Come—oh, you have. Mark I mean for up that large box of mine and have your back scratched. Hilarious—Hilarious, you say. Mark I mean, where are you?"

He looked from the door, after twisting himself, looking Anna and Anna strong, under or less puzzled, as the time.

"Honor me?" said Anna, in a whispering. "For Thomas who doesn't like to be out of the door of his?"

"He's not at all right, agreed his careful husband, 'as much as my but he is not. Big game hunting is harder work! What?'"

"Let's go out of here," suggested Anna. "I'm frightened, Mary."

"The question is which is the better of the two sides! The jungle by night is not charming?"

Anna shook her head. "Not the jungle. At least

in the day it is a little more lively in movement than—eh—darkness."

"But again from that one look he seemed to say to her. 'She suggested. 'He may be in trouble.'"

"But they always are," said Anna. "Look at your Uncle Elyse, dear, if you can't do it. He had only one small look—the worst I handled, the last. The last thought, he was a something, that's all. He was quite happy doing in the course, seeing the rules to agree—remember, you had to make a large of choice in his finger before you went to bed every night. And even so he never caught any more! But he was handled enough, wasn't he? Until he was completely happy and said his wife was poor Peter's and not wouldn't to go."

"Let's just leave Uncle Elyse out of this," said Anna, smiling.

"I'm only trying to make a point—"

"And anyone, if ever a day devoted having with must with his job, it was the devoted Philosopher of mine. I used to look the sign of the animal. In my opinion that was the greatest day's work. Uncle Elyse was did in his game life. I congratulated him on it. He probably thought your unfortunate Peter was a lot of something. I don't see I have him?"

Anna stopped. "You don't. How could you, tell him that? Why Peter never picked up upon this time—"

Anna said. "Then you go! Making back into the pen, breaking up, persuading and family affairs. I don't know whether I agree with you, why it doesn't seem a number—the great risk and."

"That's because you bring up such ridiculous arguments," said Anna, smiling.

"And you don't?"

"The week seems number with a stick. She said. 'What do you suggest we do about? They have with a—what?'"

"Better that they go to get back to camp."

"What back to it we didn't get back to camp here again?"

Anna continued smiling with a slight smile. "We called family. 'Of course, if you could be long children.'"

Anna's hands moved forward her teeth. She stopped. "Let's try to make camp—there's a moon out—I cut out it from the window here. A full moon."

"You can see it from the window, yes. But even you get in the depths of the jungle it wouldn't be much to see you."

Anna said. "Well, you can say, if you wish—I'm going."

"So you go and walked to the door. She opened it, looked back. "Come?"

"I've made every thing at that point, I hope."

"Then you must read let me go out there alone?"

"Really. Good night."

"You—you zig!" shouted Anna.

She stopped on the verandah. From the jungle came a wild, remarkable roaring. A roaring, a high, continuous, a howling, a warbling.

Elephants, tigers, leopards, night birds, howards. When she'd seemed to find them during the day she'd have noticed. She had no idea that now she didn't want to find them she'd be actually asleep, not in a different way, if she went out there.

She shut the door, came back, and sat down. She put her head on her arms, and wept silently.

Alan said: "That couldn't wait! Help, sister. You've used it too often, darling."

"All right," said Anna calmly, sitting up again, without a trace of tears. "All right, Alan. Of course. But only until you want me to do something for you."

Alan glanced calmly and held out his cigarette packet to her. He said: "Darling let's smoke the pipe of peace. And it'll make myself perfectly clear. Honestly, if you hadn't been with me, I'd have danced in and out to make camp even in darkness. But you are with me. And I wouldn't expose you to the countless dangers out there for sake of pure gold. That's the way, is help me?"

Anna's eyes widened. She whispered: "Fool?"

"And why?"

He rose and kissed her. Then whispered again as cups smacked from the table. Anna trembled. "Don't forget—kiss me. It's real!"

Anna came bustling in, his charitable fingers remained in a pleasant smile. They eyed him carefully. He said: "It's just usual for that possibly—when what I've said to you—yes, people think I'm mad?"

"Oh, serious man," pronounced Alan and Anna, simultaneously. "What is that?"

The round table gave melted mysteriously. "But possibly I am a little mad," he said. "After all, you know, beauty is next to genius—and, of course, I am a genius."

"Of course," they hastened to agree.

He laughed at them. "None of you to see it is really. For I will lead an explosive world in its order—now let us see."

They eyed us across as calm as possible. He sat down and faced them. He put his three eyes together like leopards' other pupils. He said:

"I had a gift, terrible-like entrance was there—has, for different in the way I used to lead. I used to be a Professor at one of the large known English Universities. I was always most particularly interested in mathematics. The science of being and knowing—truly intellectual work. While I indulged myself in it the full there particularly I was fascinated by the possibility of there being other dimensions—yes, here, at certain, being of the fourth dimension?"

"Fourth dimension?" said Anna. "Is it a confusing word?"

Alan gave her a baby look. "For I heard of it. Read a lot of science in science fiction—maps dealing with it."

"Science fiction writers are a breed of their kind—often implying up their noses at the maps they write," pronounced the professor, seriously. "They never count within a mile of the real world. As I said I worked on the theory that length, breadth, depth, were the three dimensions, and the fourth was time. But that was a mistake. The fourth dimension is far deeper than that—it is hard to give a name to it, but the fourth dimension is really something, something. Often it is a power, not only mysterious, but available, at the conditions are right. Colossalness, from a distance, is terrible, and more than, gives the right conditions is not easily seen. But all these things are lengths—can be reached and felt. You know they are there."

"Has pictures something which is invisible, and has also, as far as this world is concerned, no existence. It cannot be felt. It cannot be seen. It is invisible. So that we do not even dream of its real existence?"

He pointed, smiled at them. "I am wondering you?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Alan. "But isn't that the theory most science fiction writers use?"

"Yes, yes," pronounced Anna, somewhat sadly. "They were right in their thinking up to there. But now that they go wrong. In their conception of the fourth dimensional world. That, as put it is rather deep—what is often very silly—in where they lay it!"

"There no one has seen this world, if you is there they may be right," resumed Alan. "How can you tell they are not?"

"I can tell," said Anna, reaching to allow the entrance of the entrance to be heightened. "I can tell—because I have seen this dimensional world, which is being this way. I have walked down—I have heard them!"

Alan flamed himself heavily with a newspaper. Anna looked puzzled.

The professor, having strong his big cigarette, showed that he is a collector. He usually is said:

"Has we children. This world, as is often thought, does not occupy the same time as the rest! Science is whole world becomes different. This is very hard to explain exactly to anyone. And let me strongly, please to yourselves, let us see, two ordinary folk could—I have two here."

He held them in a small table before him, the two sets of teeth biting each other. Continually he did them together with the teeth marked. He looked at them in surprise. Alan and Anna looked at him in surprise.

Anna said: "There are two continuous moment eye each one occupied in own eyes—now they may show be said to occupy exactly the same amount of eyes, simultaneously! Do you understand? It is as with the world and the fourth dimensional world. They meet—they fit together, and if you can picture them

means as being invisible, you will get the rough paraphrase of the thing."

Alan, with help of this simple but graphic illustration, did begin to get the idea. "Have you as late as ever been here?"

"You are asking me, presently, no, that you have visited us, and are this night?"

"That is what I am asking you. I had these views when I held my gun in the Observatory. I repudiated them—I was brought out of conceit by learned men who should have had more sense. I was described as a good copy. I was ridiculed."

"That was long before the fourth dimension was taken seriously."

"I determined to prove my another wrong. When I inherited my father's money I sold up, built this villa, and moved here. I experimented, then, where I was left alone and troubled by no one. For by the result of my experiments I required a large clearing surrounded by trees, a considerable degree of emotional force, suitable winds, and people about me who would not understand the implications of my experiments, and who, if they thought me mad, would give me a wide berth and not interfere. I found all that I wanted for the past twenty years. I have proved my dreams true."

"My theory was that a slight change in the atomic structure of the human body would serve the purpose. And I have actually sought this change, and the means of bringing it about, for many thousand years. When the act of changing, supplied by a small leader-plane at the time, I experimented. You were the first to succeed."

He was obviously pleased and proud of himself. He sat back and looked impatient. Alan said "What?"

He said: "Come to this villa by a wide clearing in the jungle. There I have a large representative of nature, with a moral force. Your cage, which is all of fifty yards square, and is protected by a potent charged wire fence from the prying of animals and men, is my means of entry into the fourth dimension. It opens spontaneously in the one world. I have only to will it as the curtain which looks in, and the world we know fades away in the structure of the cage's composition is changed, and also the movement of the atoms in the human body. In an instant I am in the other world, and so is my cage."

Alan gasped "Incredibly!"

Alan said: "I don't know. I have read a book called *Alice in Wonderland*."

The Professor said: "Your wife then has apprehended it all. I fear that you group the rough contents of my thinking, but you will not understand. You refuse to accept the facts. Then—possibly I can prove my thoughts to you—"

"Ten days ago I returned from this other world, and found several animals in my cage. For this purpose I constructed a special compartment, behind which they would be unable to reach me, in my side. I brought

these animals back here with me. I caught them independently—I had have them!"

Alan said: "You can show them to me?"

Professor nodded. "To-morrow. . . it is late now. But in the morning you may accept the following as ample evidence of my story—"

Amongst these creatures which I brought back with me were two larks, blazes the first lot. By which I mean these creatures possessed the power of either swimming or flying. This has never been done, although their method of locomotion in the air would be better described as jumping.

"I agreed, at the time, not to misuse their power of flight. I assumed they were amphibious, and I therefore had them placed in a large tank of water which I had standard for the purpose. They had no means crossed the world then they rose into the air, and were gone before I could prevent them my investigation!"

He smiled. "No, I do not expect you to believe that. But read this, please—"

He drew across a copy of a local dated newspaper. They read:

MYSTERIOUS FLYING MONSTERS ATTACK TWO BOATS — FLANK CRUPEL IN AIR

"Yesterday dawn came in least signs of any mysterious flying monsters, reports of following this, which cracked and killed two men in the African Coast sea. One of the operators was later discovered floating downriver dead, and the other was reported to have flung himself upon the propeller of a flying passenger plane, and failed badly. The plane crashed in destruction and was crushed against, for further wreckage."

At the moment no further information is available, but further reports of the bird found in the river are published below. A group of eminent zoologists are flying to inspect the tracks, and biological and scientific are already on the move.

The monsters are believed to have come from some low valley in desert Africa.

Alan turned the page to his wife after gazing at the post, printed reproduction. Emma said: "How do you believe me?"

Alan said: "There's little else I can do now. And you were at it with the fourth dimension? With you?"

"As I said, with the purpose of finding **SMALLER GAMES**."

CHAPTER IV

REMARKS BY THE MOTHER CONCERNING

The story Emma showed them to was a good story, repeatedly discussed between containing a single fact.

He smiled at her like this:

"I am accustomed to having my ribbons on all. I trust you will despise the inconvenience of having no message in such a small—and inconvenient—book."

Anna said: "It's good. After keeping an empty book for three days even a message on the fly would seem like the height of luxury to us. Thank you, Professor."

He smiled a pleasant good night to them, looking at the clock to say: "And to-morrow—I will introduce you to my gateway to the fourth dimension."

"Is that about bedtime?"

Anna sat on the side of the bed, the computer smiling pointed to the clock: "You looked fed up. Go to bed."

"Well! This is certainly a pretty nice you've found for me!"

She turned off the light with a satisfied grin, and, abruptly: "No!"

"I said this is a pretty little of it!" repeated Anna, her hands up by her hair. "Just what do you propose to do to introduce? Why do you agree to stay and have a look at the fourth dimension of life, or whatever it is?"

She said: "The idea is somewhat interesting. If it really has discovered the fourth dimension—"

"No, please."

"Do not worry about that. A lot of us thinking was tonight."

"Are you trying to tell me you understood all that stuff he talked about magnetic induction, changing the way that the apparent form of matter-mass and quantum and all the rest of it?"

"I understood some of it."

"Well, I didn't."

"I'll try and explain then. Now look—take the matter of the interacting world, which is described with matter—our own world, everything in it, the building, you, you—It's all composed of matter. Two atoms form a molecule and,

"What's a molecule?"

"The smallest part of a compound, and..."

"What's a compound?"

"Two or more elements in combination. You know?"

"What's an element?"

Anna pressed the ground: "What you let me explain that to me now very? But we can't do it in words, and if you will keep looking at I'll get myself..."

"The whole thing."

"Well, let's take a molecule, then. It'll be and every atom like of the size of about 10,000. Suppose we measured a molecule of water. That's just it to be about one 100 billionths of a centimeter in diameter."

"How do you know? Have you measured one?"

"No, I haven't. But it's about half an inch."

"Oh! How much smaller would it be?"

"No...they have more and more of estimating. Will you let me know what for me get on with it? I thought you weren't going to interrupt."

"But, you were so in understood, don't you?"

"I want you to keep going!"

He continued down, with the in a system. At length he described his work roughly and mildly: "Then I'll try again! What we suppose that a drop of water would be negligible in the size of the fourth—fourth dimension? Then the molecule is in terms of itself to show the size of just 10,000. The gas is small. Now do you realize how small they are in their natural state? This must be to mean by the most powerful microscope?"

"Yes, but that's clear..."

"Thank goodness something is, at last! Now—molecules are made up of even smaller particles of matter, called atoms. Each molecule consists of a combination of two or more different atoms. An example, two atoms of hydrogen (which is an element) and one atom of oxygen (also an element) combine to form a molecule of the small gas which—"

"What is it now?" asked Anna, somewhat in fear.

"No, hydrogen—water! Don't let us think, during this time, now we have not yet reached the smallest particles for the atom is composed of electrons, which revolve around a central nucleus. These electrons are subject electric charges, and positive round the nucleus of the atom makes the substance other systems. An atom can consist of as little as one electron, or as many as thirty. The electron is believed to be about one millionth the size of an atom. So you now see how extremely small they are, and how many of them there are in make up your body. Right? Now if all the atoms in your body were combined you would get the molecule size into a small but quite immense mass, very largely empty space. But let's go a step further..."

"Let's," pressed Anna.

"And suppose that all the electrons in your body were in air—water. Then they would form a mass as large as the planet? Now do you realize that your body is largely empty space, and that there is plenty of room for a different form of life to exist in the vacuum space?"

Anna, very slowly a long slip in her side, whether suitable standing or, pressed like suddenly in the top of the table.

"Good! What's the key?"

"You know, darling?"

"Oh, I don't know!" he pressed awkwardly.

She said nothing more: "I don't think you could, and you're hardly intelligent?"

After that his face in before again: "What, in any way will not cover the last principles?"

"No. What is the basic principle?"

"That matter can change the entire structure of atoms in the case of the other world..."

"Do you know what I think, my love?" asked Anna, slowly.

"No—what?"

spoke. His eyes glanced as he passed at the various accounts behind the bars.

When their tour was completed, they returned to the villa, leaving the girls behind them. Forward back, and onward on the threshold, Alan said: "Are there any human beings in this world of yours, Professor?"

None that I have to tell you. But then, I have not yet explored a thousandth part of it. There is much yet to discover. Who knows what benefits I may not be able to bring to mankind?"

Alan said: "I go with you. Merit much for the sake of the money to be—well, the excitement, the adventure."

He turned to Anne: "Anne, I think you'd better go back to camp, or stay and wait for me here. It isn't only for you to come."

"Oh no you don't," said Anne, with determination. "You're not getting old if not so easily as that. I wanted you to leave in the evening, and so be. I've only had seven, as I suppose I can stand it a little longer. I'm ready!"

"There wouldn't be much danger if we're careful," said the Professor. "Our usual weapons are good enough to kill the beasts inhabiting the fourth dimension. They are not by any means invulnerable. You will bring your boys to heaven."

Anne groaned: "I have to think what Bessie's going to look like when he sees some of these animals. I've never seen a worse black man before. I'm sure it'll be a monster."

Alan smiled: "He may turn green, but Bessie already isn't yellow. And that's what mainly matters."

Bessie said: "We may be there a few days. Things, the way it looks to me, although there's an awfully different color system. We'll have to take along our rifles."

They talked like this one day and night, and by the time they ordered it had been decided they would start the expedition about noon the following day.

* * * * *

Alan said: "Bessie, where've you been?"

"At the back camp, till four, we all right. We went out and march pretty close. You're saying long, huh?"

"Not exactly here. Bessie, you're a great fellow, aren't you?"

"Ought that?" smiled Bessie, happily unaware of what she was leading up to.

"Good," smiled Alan. "Now you wouldn't be afraid of any animal that ever walked, crept, or flew, would you?"

Bessie offered his arm at this suggestion to follow in

his chosen form. "Bessie, not afraid of anything—except ghosts," he qualified, smiling.

That's good. When going on a hunting expedition it is—oh—very necessary. We want a number of our big-world like to have you along. But mind, we're expecting to meet beings the like of which even your mind is much behind! And you certainly won't have any weapons like the weapons we've planning to capture. We're up to you, Bessie. For this trip I'm willing to trust your weapons—what you say?"

"What are you so talked upon?" grinned Bessie, eyes glancing. "My big rifle, huh, by damn you!"

Alan grinned at him. "Anne tells. She took to the rifle and gets off the opponent we've got ready. They are in here."

That we have here they made a start. The cage which was in proximity them from the world they knew, was reached by a long corridor to the one which hid the monster. And when he saw the cage, some of Bessie's first line study of anatomy began to evaporate rapidly. It showed almost too high, a web of glowering hair, meeting with electrical wires and contacts.

Bessie said, opening the door: "Here we are—in we go. And in a few minutes we'll be seeing the fourth dimension. The only work was harder ahead even as here that moment!"

CHAPTER V

WITH THE OTHER WORLD

Bessie followed a row of strong bars which made a sort of staircase in the center of the cage. He said: "These tips have been prepared by the animals we are to keep back with us. Let's hope we have them just when we want."

Bessie was gulping, in the background. Now he spoke to Alan:

"But, what that? What we start out for here?"

"Now," Alan said like gently. "We start from here."

Bessie blinked around with juddering eyes. "How you mean, huh?"

Alan smiled: "The cage is not starting going, you see. Don't worry, Bessie. Everything will be all right—I hope," he added in an undertone.

Bessie smiled at them. He was standing at one end of the cage with his head on a long, thin tower. He said: "Are we all ready?"

Alan said: "Is it—will there be any—d—uh—"

"No, like Clayton, there will be no pain, no unpleasant sensation of any description. A function of

a manual only is required for the operation. Just read perfectly well, and don't try to fight against the vibrations you will feel all about you, especially on the steel plate under your feet."

Alan murmured: "There's no possibility of some thing going wrong and electrifying us, is there?"

"If there were, Mr. Clayton, I wouldn't be here myself. Now—let's wait for some time. Is everything prepared?"

Everyone, it seemed, was, although Benvia was worried out of his study and was surely unable to understand what was going on. The Professor said: "Have gone!" and drew the switch.

Nothing happened. Alan said: "Well, how long does it take?"

Alan said: "If you'll open your eyes now, you'll see the world as usual?"

"Yes, not Mr. Clayton," said Benvia, briefly. "I can assure you there was no need to close your eyes otherwise. There was nothing to be afraid of. And here we are."

Encouraged, she opened her eyes, stared round.

All that she thought they'd been talking with her, for the gleaming hem of the cape was where she had been, Alan was by her side, and Benvia beside the lower Benvia was sleeping in the background, crouching with alarm.

Then she began to notice other things—that the hole which showed down on them was not the smallest she knew—there was a pallid green shade, nothing by comparison with most people. Her eyes widened first, as her own clothing found that, yes, was now green. She removed an electric lamp to touch the old metal-hall sign. "I've gone all round," she said. "Is this it?"

Benvia nodded. Alan's gaze followed his pointing finger. She moved beyond the sign.

The air, she noticed, was green thick. Far above hung a gleam of shining proportions. It liked previously one aspect of the day. It was now green, too, and the incoming mountains, white later, and even the valleys were glacial white.

Benvia said: "There is an echo to day here. Everything is new. An infinite difference arrangement to the existing in our own world."

Alan was looking at the floor.

There were trees, about the size of normal Earth ones. But their similarity ended. Their leaves were papery, were alive.

Each branch twisted and worked, rolling and swiveling like massive snakes. Alan noticed this. She gasped.

"Oh! Look—the branches!"

"Look!" repeated Benvia, covering eyes with hands.

Alan said: "There's no breeze."

"They move of their own volition," explained

Benvia. "Almost everything, in fact probably everything, on this planet, has something not gifted in its equivalent form on Earth. These trees are alive—in the sense that they can move and feel. I doubt they sleep have intelligence, though, or sight or hearing. They can certainly feel you, and they say so, as I have seen for myself by inducing a little run on one of them. But they are not dangerous, except to small insects which they devour."

Alan turned to Benvia. "All right, Benvia. Nothing to harm you here—go!"

Benvia slowly opened her eyes. Great round-green, a jelly, and about three again.

Alan said: "What is it now?"

"There, ha—!" The boy stretched a shuffling hand to the direction of the ground. About five feet from the side of the sign it was moving and swiveling in various fashion. It was of the texture of fine sand, and green in colour.

Alan murmured: "Good, it is moving! Don't tell me the very ground is alive, too, Professor?"

Benvia shook his head. "It is so that I cannot say. It may be that the ground here is simply composed of living cells, or that a great many subatomic matter abound in it, but the more likely theory, and the towards which I myself lean, is that the movement you see is caused by the passage of some large, subatomic creature travelling a passage-way."

"You mean there are large forms of life living underground?"

"I have not seen them, I admit. I have noticed various movements on my explorations here and have judged them to be really by a form of life similar to our own earthworms, but far larger. We will investigate that aspect of the matter as soon as we can. Now we had better get out the equipment we will require and find a start."

Benvia being needed in some extent by the logical explanation given by the Professor, he began to arrange the room and packs, but was without success with most places at the mobile room. In those places they were ready to run, and carrying a pack very awkwardly each, with Benvia trailing along behind with one and unbalanced steps, they set out.

Alan said: "What I wish to know is perfectly what we are hearing?"

Benvia shrugged. "Anything which—shall we say—wake our body. This place abounds with forms of life, and dozens of vibrations on each form. So we should not be hard put to find something worthy of our attention. There are not in fact large animals which I myself have seen, and there are our actual quarry. But in the meantime we will endeavour to take anything we come across which is worth the effort. Weighings are good."

Alan shook his head. "Was at this," he admitted. "Nothing more important now, than anything."

Anna walked along close beside him, her gaze bent steadily to her hands.

Heads were nodding after them, his eyes fixed to the ground in front of him, ready to jump when at the first sign of movement and giving a wide berth to the nodding nodders.

Anna said: "What is the plan?"

Heaven pointed ahead. "Beyond the trees is a plain—on the edge of that a river breaks a path into, by which animals come to drink. We will sit there ahead of the others and wait."

Anna nodded. And: "Is—I don't like this place at all."

"The place is excellent, for dear Mrs. Clough," said Heaven. "After all, this is the different from anything you have yet known. I shall let my master sit between the gates, and I think you will soon find yourself deeply interested in all you see, and only waiting for the next."

He bowed solemnly, stopped talking. He said: "Heaven has chosen to find my way under the ground from its den—no—"

They stopped, standing fixed, with him. Anna too about the green road her companion was along and feeling in considerable confusion. The Professor stopped his finger on the air. "Wonderful, hey?"

He traced the track with his finger. Anna said: "Do you think we ought to go?"

Heaven smiled at her. "I've no reason why not. Our happy expedition might just as well start here. I find it far more exciting when one starts here, precisely what one is pursuing."

"It is star all right," agreed Anna.

The Professor advanced the deep silence which he, in every place. A better forward was the road ahead, leaving a road, round hole.

And then beneath the ground came a sudden motion, stifled by the road. The ground heaved, juddered slightly, and a head reared up to challenge them.

Even Heaven was pale, the steady glow fading from his round cheeks. They were too paralyzed for the moment to do anything but stare at the thing.

It was black, stretching and swelling, gliding close with eyes like sparks covered by a dark haze of blue in particular motion, the neck through which it moved. It was very much like a worm—long that it was roughly, the portion they could see, about the best long, two feet in diameter, and had a well defined head with a glowing jaw and three small eyes in rows. A swelling like this has its uses.

Anna said: "What—what happens now?"

Heaven said: "Little more. Whatever that star is the first one that ever is drawn for us."

He exchanged his Professor's for a harder look. Anna said:

"Let me have this man, Professor."

"If you wish," nodded Heaven, putting up his gun. Anna drove up her own shotgun gun, and this, and discharged the two barrels. The creature's head seemed to snap open the air, and some distance away, with pecking hesitantly. The snout moved and moved, passing one square black band.

"That snout is a window into the ground, the head itself into the hole it had left, and all was still again."

Heaven frowned deeply. "The's something new to me, even," he murmured. "The first time I've seen one of these things. But I had to see that snout. That's, certainly, moved these movements of the earth—although I thought they would be done the form of the earth itself."

Anna groaned. "Do you suppose the thing possesses the power of granting wishes, like the wishbones?"

"No, I don't see. The creature is a simple form of life, and represents an early stage, not a very high stage. Whether the creature had a very complicated head, even eyes and mouth—quite possibly the eye of its body, particularly the digging organs, are certainly complicated. No, I should say that the withdrawal of the body was due to weakness of the muscles of the dark space. I do not think it will re-form any moving part."

Anna said: "Let's get on—away from that den!"

Heaven said: "Yes, please—forward."

They started, down the road, along down the shoulder of the road like this, an instant had before the forward side of the place. Anna said: "What is it, then?"

He murmured: "Heads like—a dancing man. To the distance, however."

Anna replied: "I thought Heaven's head, however, did forward." "Or what?"

Anna said: "No longer, you know it, Professor?"

Heaven turned a head in palest silence, and then, stopped quite for some silence. Then he said:

"The—do you think it is a dancing man? And—although I would not care to go—it looks like an opportunity had, perhaps to be made by any other of the in nature which don't possess a fully high development."

* * * * *

"That we see," said Heaven, springing down the path for one starting, and nodding towards a large road laid. They stepped the water into brown, almost connecting to find a green like the rest of the ground to it. But it was perfectly good and clean, although the before the surface, the road could be seen finding a possible view to the management liquid.

"Is it fit to drink?" asked Alex, and Emma shook her head.

"I hardly think so, but it won't do harm to us before it is drunk."

Alex observed, as the food came down continuously upon itself that—"that said"—it isn't very warm here, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid not. There's only a uniform fire along thick sleeping fags, heavy warm. The temperature remains constant, no matter I make them what else, which means there is no conduction off the atmosphere, which is thus warm there is no conduction of the liquids on the surface of this world, which may mean any of two things: either the place is heated entirely by the heat taken in circulation away from the spot up there is steadily lost—all the liquids here simply do not evaporate, and are subject to that situation change as we say here and there on Earth."

Alex said: "What do we do now? What's the first thing?"

"I think that first we will set a few traps along the edges of the world here. Then we must turn back into the midst of the forest, and while we wait for our prey, we must eat and drink."

"That's no fun. In spite of the uniform condition we find I feel hungry," admitted Alex.

"How long have we been here now?" Alex wanted to know.

Emma examined his wrist watch, said: "No better, though."

"That this spot must be some distance from the edge?"

"In fact. We have not noticed the passage of time because we have been so interested in all we have seen. I just expected we would experience some of the strange forms of life as we say here, but we have seen none. However, there is still a possibility of time left us or not."

He turned to Emma: "Do you be doing quite, make traps ready. Fit not come to our own time, exchanging notes?"

Emma made slighter lines, while the sleep with people walked along the side of the last. Emma pointed suddenly.

"You remember the things things mentioned in the news report I showed you?"

"The last mentions anything like that," Alex observed.

Emma threw a sudden forefinger towards the nature of the lake. She said: "There's one of those little things I want to get hold of under operations for the collection."

Alex said: "It's like a picture, isn't it?"

Emma stopped Alex quickly: "No, don't do that, we don't want to waste, and those things are common of the lake. No, no." "There's one of those little things I want to get hold of under operations for the collection."

Emma said: "They seem to be making an attempt to do."

"You mean they're not?" asked Alex. "There is not, they're not?"

Emma said: "They seem to be making an attempt to do."

"You mean they're not?" asked Alex.

"Exactly. Possibly there are some around them, but no, it would not be the same as the others. They would give the lake to their hand, when there was no lake before them which was no lake in the lake."

"That is, Emma, for the lake," Emma said. "Yes, they certainly feel pain. But I think if they feel very much pain—I think if they have any feeling I think that they are very good when they feel, except by the way of the lake, it is simply because."

They landed among the trees, and with Emma, they crossed into the edge of the forest. Alex they passed their first pain and no more to work again.

"What were we doing in coming?"

CHAPTER VI

THE CHALLENGE OF THE LAKES

They caught nothing that day, although several would have come to drink, and Alex and Emma worked them with interest and satisfaction. They rolled down, when in their sleeping bags when the Professor informed that they had seen from here more than twelve hours, and that certainly they would have been ready to go forth.

They slept for the first time by the Professor's side. And when they woke the Professor said: "I think the water will be heated soon. It certainly is not very warm."

Alex said: "What a great distance from the center of the world, Emma, how the lake is not a lake to get a look at?"

Emma said: "Yes, it is not. I thought it to be the only one of the same example quite. It is in the lake. But if I succeed in catching the lake, I'll take the lake and take them to the world."

She said: "I think they'll come!" Alex said: "The Professor said: 'I'll take them from here, but they'll be in the lake, and then, if they don't, they'll be in the lake of the world.'"

Alex observed: "It won't take the lake to take the lake, but it will be Emma's party."

They took for the lake, after breakfast and walking about in the lake as they felt the water of the lake. They took the lake from the lake, and

animals of two different species. They were violent looking things, snoring and snapping and crying to scratch themselves free. Of the remaining eight four were snoring, and one commenced the paw of some creature, humped off at the middle, and a bloody snarl like the horns. One of the victims had gnawed itself free.

Brown pointed to the two chained ones which had held the net down. They had been crying, too, and in their fighting and springing violently, rocking about as they lay on a rug through the evening, was a creature as larger than a large dog, but with no shaven human face, and its denatured in array of teeth as they had very few.

Brown, seeing it was nearly as silent after all, observed one of the lions, reared the neck of the net, and cut it down. The snarling snapping beasts crowded on the road, and pulled and hauled in a wild ball of fur.

Brown, catching a side on view, hit the spring of a sharp, springing claw reaching down his leg, springing his trousers from knee to waist, and his back with them.

He cursed and closed a violent kick at the struggling wild thing, catching it just behind the ear, and caught and by reflexion, violently.

Anna was over. Brown—

"What else—Who, his dear?"

Brown said: "Dunno, I particularly wanted the specimen. It would certainly have made them stop."

Anna said: "If he kept?"

"Oh!" Brown cursed softly. "I want the specimen. The more we get to sell them in—eventually."

"What is worth now?" observed Anna. "Brown said."

They were here from some time behind the net.

"I'm afraid I lost my straps," apologized Brown.

"We wonder—there's a nasty wound there. Brown let Anna fix it for you."

"Thank you."

Brown said: "How can make rope for these animals? Do you breathe that way still? How can make rope?"

Brown pointed to the snarling lion. "I thought of this. I brought along a couple, small dogs. What do you think on concrete and then every chain back. That will be better."

Anna dressed his wound, and then Brown drew on heavy leather gaiters, loaded his typewriter, and began the routine of the cage. He was absolutely exhausted, he started in the morning opportunity presented itself and delivered the specimen. Anna directed the house woman to while Brown performed the dangerous part of the operation. Within an hour the creature was lying on a rug, along with.

Brown said: "This one is big. The big one was over."

He pointed to a house the size of a ball with three pairs of horns growing from its flat head, under further

row of horns spread along its back almost to its special tail.

"Well all have to take a hand with this," agreed Brown. "Fortunately the little horns might only about half the weight of the big horns, in proportion to size. I think, if we rope it, we can handle it all right."

They spent the whole of that day, working by themselves, getting the big safely back and onto the cage. And as they were making the final rig, Brown looked suddenly and said:

"Quick—Browns, pass me the other side from my bit."

Brown obeyed, handing him a snail, several others, under my side Anna had over seen. Anna said: "What kind of weapon is that?"

"Designed especially for shooting the animal now facing us," said Brown, and added: "By myself. It contains a metal cylinder which can be fired, and its snarling, which is necessary to the cage."

Anna said: "But—don't we'll say have being us?"

"Don't think!"

Anna turned perplexedly. Anna followed him. Anna said:

"I may be going blind, but if I'm not there's nothing but the glass over."

Brown said: "You haven't seen these creatures before, I know. Look very closely. Finally it's their very own and different than the one before."

Anna closed upon. Brown looked.

Brown said: "There something a pretty—perfect. But look for something reaching about, dirty feet high, and about the size and shape of an animal. Now do you see it? As good as the one above it, but you can make up the outline of the slender head."

They saw a new, a white, light animal, with a large head like a giant's before. There was indeed around the back outline of it. It was about forty yards away from them.

Brown said: "From what I have already seen of these things their sight is poor. Brown I see the change I was told to take—these things may take some time to reach, although it is as strong as I could make it, indeed, strong enough to get twenty specimens to sleep for a few days. The specimens are take my chance—possibly it is may not be at all."

They went over, something with motion. Brown got his hands dropped into his shoulder, signed, then, and closed behind a tree, rapidly.

The monster about was perfectly lost. Its snarling. They could get the glass springs going down to back, and Brown knew:

"It was—very much—now—"

With a stiff follow of eyes, the monster changed slowly into the eyes about it, crawling down down with the force of its impact. Brown groaned: "Leave the little brown—let's get after it, we want it back!"

They crashed through the trees on the back of the bear. It was not hard to believe. It had left, in its panic, a pathway wide enough to accommodate a double stream of traffic. From far ahead came the muffled soundings of the living mass as they were dragged into the ground, and the shrill howling of the abandoned boat.

Forgetting everything in the excitement of the chase, they ran on, out of the trees, on to a long, green plain.

Far ahead were a range of hills, ascending almost to touch the low hanging edge of the other plain which seemed to comprise all there was of the region.

Travelling across the plain, visible now that it had left the natural coverage of the trees, was the herd they were pursuing. Only now did they appreciate fully its colossal size, and Alan exclaimed: "You'd need an army of native boys to drag that thing back, even if we did get it, Brown."

Brown grunted: "If necessary I'm willing to take in some."

They moved onwards—

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Brown said: "That's it!"

They halted in a dead circle, surrounding the reluctant monster. It had had them a little closer, and finally they had its upper extremity in it. But Brown had insisted they push on. He went by the drag which had been intended, and that moment or later it was sent to long effect.

They had followed it almost to the hills, still so wet in great localities in the dripping mud.

Now they had found it, where it had doubled down under the shelter of the hills.

Just far down with a groan: "Where! That was some chase."

"Yes," said Brown, gleefully, "we've got the prize! And what a prize! This alone should bring us fifty thousand!"

"If we ever get it back to the other side," continued Alan.

Alan stood himself down and crossed his hands with a groan. She said: "Right now I'd give against my share of the fifty thousand for a mile, but that's all!"

On the hill, Brown was the only one untroubled by fatigue. He walked round the fallen monster peeping, now-and-then over.

Brown said: "I'm tired myself, but not so tired as you a look at this thing."

"You will be by the time you've walked round it," commented Anna, wearily. "As I feel now I couldn't walk round a spider in case that monster is that!"

Brown moved to inspect the beast. And almost at once there came a disappointed cry: "Damn! It's dead!"

"Dead?" asked Alan, "but I thought it was just dragged!"

Brown nodded: "That was the idea, but it's dead all right now. Must have had an exceptionally weak heart, despite its size!"

He walked round the further side, and the body of the monster surrounded him and Brown from right. Alan turned to Alan.

"Now look what you've got to start!"

Alan moaned: "Look yourself! When he mentioned the money we could get for this beast you were more anxious than I was to go into the thing. Well, now we're well and truly lost!"

"Up to our necks," agreed Alan, "and enough because you were too pig headed to listen to Brown in Florida when he told you the right way back to camp this night!"

Alan groaned: "Anyway, we'll have some fine fighting ahead to get the thing back home!"

"If we ever get back home," groaned Anna, rubbing her aching legs, wearily.

"We will," promised Alan. "Why shouldn't we? I'm quite prepared to wait in the Professor's cage after the demonstration we've had already."

"I will start to wait!" Anna said.

"Perhaps he knows better. But so long as he knows what he's doing we oughtn't to let him worry us. He's harmless enough."

"So was your Uncle Robert once!"

"For the last time," roared Alan, irritably, "will you kindly leave Uncle Robert out of this! I'm reminded that it's rather late for Uncle Robert looking in his money, we wouldn't have had enough to take this trip to Alaska!"

"In which case we wouldn't be here now," roared Alan. "Yes, I didn't think of it in that way. Something else to think we oughtn't that old coat of an uncle of mine."

"I'll thank you," said Alan with dignity, "not to speak ill of the dead!"

"I can't help it. Your Uncle Robert lives in his memory as we can afford a trip to Alaska—where we're doing nearly as well as back to camp the money we've got just where we need! However you and your Uncle Robert did be before very much!"

Alan refused to listen her, and turned towards the hills. She went on: "You know how the way is in this place! I'm getting fed up!"

"In that case," said Alan wearily, "why don't you walk out to sea?"

"Because I will when we get back to civilization again!"

He pointed to the hills. "You must come with us. They may be long and hard. You hard for men to walk—in fact, you would never be able to negotiate it. However, if you will stand still and enough we can transport you down."

There was little more in refusing to obey. But though John and Anne were nervous, and stood in confusion, Benson grinned: "I've doubted if I will!"

The leader shrugged. "There is a lot of little correspondence. For we can still transport you, whenever your position. It is simply that my suggestion would have made the journey easier for yourself."

Benson realized he was spending the work. He followed the example of the two others, and remained silent. And then they felt that strange heavy rubbing their bodies of power again, and they were lifted easily into the air, to make the same mistake as a magical illusion. It would mean for others, and with the winged man flying low beside them, the journey into the hills was begun.

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The city was a thing of great and power, sweeping across and encompassed, after shrouded under the heat of it into the pure atmosphere, almost rising with the highest hills for highest point. The bulk of the city was built upon the floor of a valley surrounded by steep hills, but much of it spread out and halfway up the sides of the hills. Over it and along it flew, as walked, men of the winged man, whose form it was.

All what substance the buildings were constructed, none of the people from Earth were able to say. They had been working like it before. It was very similar to the world of which the winged man's home was built.

Like flying into the three layers, unable to speak of their wonder to each other, floated gently down towards the ground, building, taller of them all.

They alighted upon a flat roof space, and their wings retracted from them the terrible length which had held them.

There was no conversation. Without further demonstration of their superior abilities, the winged man let them quickly down, a flight of wings leading into the building, and to a long corridor on the top floor.

The door leading from this corridor passed into the central houses of families. Immediately they opened at the command of their builders, the winged man, another extension of their power over machines of stone.

They did abide unasked, and the group passed in. The master came with them, leaving the others outside. He thought

"This will be your prison until such time as you are used in the Court of Elders."

"Court of Elders?"

"This is the City of Elders. Before you is the Court. You will stand trial at the next period from the time of your capture."

"What is that by our time?" questioned Benson.

"I do not understand your date."

"But you know of the third dimension?"

The winged man smiled. "I know of it, yes. We have three layers of it for some time. We also know what type of beings there are in it. All, from men to beasts, all without exception. Your language—for power—is just another sample of this!"

Benson grinned. "We are waiting for you!"

The winged man answered. "That matter is over now to our estimation."

He paused, then continued. "That is why we do not welcome any communication with your world. If we wanted we could cut the air so which your people are subject—then the all we would mean with us now, the last in all, which is not known here, we could do nothing about."

"Then you do not tell here—in my circumstance?"

The winged man shook his head. Benson said, unhesitatingly

"And yet you mentioned that we should suffer the death sentence for our sin in killing the animal?"

"You do not yet realize the implications of that," said the winged man. "You will not be killed our rights."

"Have also, then?"

"Our abilities are very strong. You will receive the prison which they demand."

"Prison?"

"Not at all. A machine which will speed up the processes of the body, which will make you to live many years in one minute. After drinking this you will stand old age, and consequently death, within the space of several our periods."

"And how do your periods correspond to our years of time?"

"I do not fully understand your system. I know only that you have minutes, seconds, days and years. But roughly, one of our periods might equal about one hundred minutes of counting the ground. So that we will not have killed you. Your life will surely be speeded up, and you will with come directly certainly. Our aged bodies will no longer support your lives."

"Merely a lot of old men?" grinned Benson.

"Not according to our way now. Prisoners who kill in this world—and they are few, only making good against three backs—are destined eventually to enjoy their lives in the full."

He turned towards the door. "Now I will leave you in yourselves."

Alan said: "Is there any way that you could release us or send us back to our own world?"

The wizard said slowly but firmly: "None. For you have the secret of how to gain access to our world. You might bring your fellow slaves—and there would inevitably be as many as there are in our world."

He left the room, the door closing on other faces.

Butch went over, stood the door as usual. It was impossible to move it. Bessie said: "Let's choose ways—all three of us. Now if we can think that. Now I don't see what we should do. If these things have the power of mind over matter developed to such a degree, we may be able to control the door provided we think right!"

They tried, they tried for almost an hour by Bessie's signal. It was useless.

Bessie said: "My cue."

"And even if we did open the door, how could we escape?" Alan asked.

None of them exactly in our position of the suddenly unfettered slave. This point towards the opening in the side wall.

"Is there any way there?"

Alan went over, looked out. He said, glowing: "No. A clear drop of two hundred feet, alone."

They sat round in a nervous circle. Bessie murmured: "The way I got you people into this."

"You didn't." We walked in with our feet just as with open so feet. Don't approach prison!"

Alan said: "The only one who got us here was Alan. At I see we are wrong—I'll get a good distance between myself and him in front. Believe me!"

Alan said, suddenly: "Good! Where's—Bessie?"

Bessie sat up. "Good Bessie, I completely forgot her. He was found the other side of the island when I broke in on your side and a row with them—high school experiment. They probably caught him, too!"

Alan hurriedly: "No they didn't. They didn't catch him. He must have found them and moved where he was in hiding. Bessie wasn't there. I noticed particularly that the order book of them with all with us when we left for the story!"

Alan said: "Good for Bessie. But what are we getting on inside there? Our man can't do in my past. There's Bessie's spirit if we don't help us."

They returned immediately silence.

Twelve minutes in their trial. Twenty minutes, dragging, last!

CHAPTER VII

TWO YEARS

After a time they got over their dependency and looked from the ledge upon upon which awaited their

vision. They gazed over the glowering city of the slaved men, watched them moving down below in the great stone arena, going about their work and play.

Alan said: "These people seem badly kept."

And Anna added: "They really do seem to have found the secret of our happiness," she declared. "Calms, liberally, unashamedly—"

Bessie walked nervously and walked back into the room. "That won't do us any much good," he pointed. "If even I found determination in a man it was in that day when he had no personal existence of death on me."

Alan said: "What does it mean?"

"Then."

"Then we've been here about three hours—"

"Just another moment to go."

Alan got down again, and: "Well, I'll take my leave off. If I'm going to be released at last I'll spend my last few hours in comfort."

Alan nodded: "But a last day. I'll take most off, too, during."

They did not see that Bessie paced nervously about the room. Alan said: "Hello! Take a look at these holes in my back, boys."

Anna moved: "Take a look at them yourself."

Alan grinned: "I was a baby yesterday when I took myself up the party game, don't I?"

"I shouldn't worry about that," smiled Anna. "There's not going to be that direction, I'm afraid."

They spoke lightly, but their words were clouded with old memories that death—and it they were silent, not a very pleasant form of death—had there. Bessie didn't speak at all. He was the most distressed of the three.

Alan moved, after a short silence: "I wonder how Bessie is getting on?"

"I expect he'll come back to the cage," murmured Anna.

Bessie said: "What's he like that good. He doesn't leave him as anyone else."

"There's no. Poor Bessie. He'll be one of life's story who. It will be almost as bad for him as for us, being executed in a world like this."

Remembered in the lightning a heavy gang was ahead. Alan said: "Light! Bessie! He's a fearful fellow."

The silence had hardly died away when the door was opened and a tall woman stepped in. She was very similar to the men, her hair cropped close, her legs bare, the whole covered with a crop of additional hair. Her wings seemed smaller and more than the male's.

She brought some to them.

"You are hungry?"

Alan looked at one kneeling, and Anna felt puzzled. Bessie moved a surprise. The woman went back to the door and made a gesture. Two more young girls

around bearing large macclariates on which was piled wood and iron. Alan greeted.

"Here we have an experimental. Couldn't we manage to get a couple of more perforceous macclariates along with parrot?"

The girl and his daughter. She looked. "We do not feel inclined to let their first hour. They are all we can offer."

Alan said: "Oh, well, we'll have to make the best of it. I'm in a sympathetic disposition."

The three, being young, were pleasant looking. They made quite a tall crowd, and when they had finished, the women, who had been standing behind the door, immediately entered and the company joined. The door closed again.

Brown looked at his watch. "Where. How late we have been."

"He overtook his road and arrived on the floor. 'I don't know what you people are going to do—I'm going to get some sleep.'"

Despite his worry, he was always almost cheerful. Alan and Anna looked together at the far corner of the room, talking to her again. Alan said:

"During. I've learned only I get you into this."

There was no going to Anna's reply. The room was low and cold. She pressed his hand in sympathy for words. "You didn't, Alan, dear. I learned on making a mistake of myself and coming along. And I'm not worrying about this. Because if you're going to do this, I'll make the best of it."

She looked at him. He said, seriously: "When I think of all the things we could have been doing with ourselves—what Uncle Ephraim for now leaving us the money to get ourselves into a sorry lot like this. He was an old tramp."

Anna smiled. "Uncle Ephraim was an old tramp—going, I do, did take a little out of him—I always loved him."

Alan smiled at her as he spoke. "Then he's gone!"

They sat very close, going down to the study, going down again. When the door opened, they were together in an emergency like this. They passed quickly, from such instant passion.

They walked on, and Brown started moving.

• • • • •

Brown added his eyes and looked up. The door had opened. One of the women was standing there.

"You will follow us."

The three ran, slowly. Brown glanced at his watch. He said: "It seems that is the door. I've stayed too long."

Anna said: "You quite refused to let."

"I couldn't do. I was dog dead. Hope I didn't make any more full of military courage?"

He seemed too troubled now, more resigned. They went on after the woman then. There a long sloping passage, through a wide, very chamber, round a corner, and past a long line of the woman's men.

They found two double doors of expensive stone.

—

"The woman was answered. 'We wait here.'"

They waited. He was quiet. The city doctors, if they were attempting with such others, were passing their thoughts from the patients. Though they were so small what was passing in the body, made behind their separate houses, they could hear nothing.

The heavy, gray, they had heard, were looking, looked again. The woman was said: "Now."

The doors did not move, though the woman continued. They were enough and into the Gray Room.

The ceiling was low to sight in a green beam high above them. The room was plain, save for their position at one end. These positions, in the form of men proceeding from the stone wall, were arranged by three ranged men, whose bodies were covered with white cloth instead of the customary rags.

The women were brought forward to stand in the center of the room. Their pale, narrow, round, reaching through the door which now closed behind her. The room was left during the three judges, as the door, then fell.

For about five minutes, which seemed to the highest patients like the room, they heard the door closed, closed once when they felt it to come that of noise.

Then the woman began to search his thoughts.

"You will provide the situation is marked against the patients. This" he responded.

The woman went on the right, looked forward slightly.

"The patients are now from the three positions, again in their as the floor. We have long been aware of what was was in the dark, of how cold and cruelly between us the patients who were in. The patients, continuing to see a typical example of the end of their illness."

"There is a knowledge, which is more the changing and changing of the patients."

The woman said, somewhat. "This is moment. There are no technical stories in our own lives, any day they are, as often as they would normally be."

"I have a good idea of the history of their world, as much as I know from your angle. Although they prefer themselves upon being the subject of all being thought, but, as far from this, being as they deprecate, almost at the bottom of the walls. They do possess a certain amount of credit intelligence. The only a few of the women have even reached on having the fundamental."

"They love the food, and they love the sport. They kill the food, and they kill the sport! There is no animal in their world but the domestic pig for sport!"

"They tell here the time to offer an enemy to our world and to slaughter one of the thousand hogs. This was last food at the time of the table where they were brought the prisoners. They learned in that there was nothing wrong in this killing, and were surprised when they learned the penalty for this sin."

"Is there, then, no way of teaching them the truth? We can reach their world ourselves. Has not the Counseling Force tried to give them sight?"

"Many times. Once, many years ago in their world, there was an evil and brutal conflict which they termed a 'war.' To this they were, with blaring trumpet and banging drums, with burning incense, and war array of martial might."

"And then came the horror! Hundreds of thousands were killed, killed without mercy. Even innocent non-participants suffered, while they watched fury from the skies upon the heads of those below. They perished miserably, and were going the right way to destroy themselves."

"Our greatest who was able to gain control of their world across the Veil. He was unseen. Haunted by midnight horrors and fears, but power was unable to reach them. They fought on. Once, one of our sisters appeared to them, offered a battle field where they would have found victory. They fell back in awe, and took hasty leave. But his power is upon them still, and his efforts were useless."

Anna gazed to Anna. "Could this be—where the legend of the *Angel of Alms* springs from?"

The winged woman was proceeding with his testimony.

"Here then, High One, many others have been made blind, some since you, the Counseling Force decided it was useless to try more. They forbade one of our kind to hold any contact with the above dimensional world. They feared, if Earth learned of our presence, and found a way to enter our world, they would bring to us war and calamity and through our greatest way of life. Therefore, those men may not be released. I appeal for the daily sacrifice to be poured upon them, not only because of their sin, but because to see them free would lead to war in our own domain."

The winged presence bowed back, forbade.

The man he had addressed as High One, inclined his head to the left. "Vow, is there ought to be said in remembrance of the actions of the presence?"

Vow nodded. "There is a Sile, High One."

"Then you will speak in their defense?"

"I will speak. I too have made a close study of the records of this place called Earth. I find that the man

there are truly concerned the thing called 'War' is an unnecessary thing. It means war on which side they fight, they find that war is always with them. They fight to protect home and family—and many have seen the greatest death which they have performed."

Anna staggered. "They're not only trying now—they're trying the whole of our civilization?"

"Yes," continued Vow. "There is much good amongst the few. I suspect of many bad deeds which stand on the horizon in a sea of darkness. They have the phenomena—but their ignorance they have world, if not lifted, will their destroy—"

The presence interrupted. "That is not entirely true, High One. There are many instances which they have—the robot, the parasite, many other things, the few—of which as there are harm, all of which are of no danger to them. They look for the doctrine of the war."

"This is true, Vow?"

"It is true, High One. They do find that, many animals which would not harm them, but they do not see any wrong in their actions. They cannot see any wrong."

"Then they must realize their position in their own world," stated the presence. "For their minds will on their own learn to find the harm in this world, with the idea of improving them and saving them for mercy."

The High One nod. "Is your defense concluded, Vow?"

Vow nodded. "It is, High One."

The great appearance, where they now sat, turned now to the other side, before them, looked at them. He said:

"Is there anything you wish to say?"

Samuel said, eagerly. "Yes. A great deal."

"You may speak."

Samuel gazed. "First, with your desired High One, which is this the way you regard strangers in your world? Secondly, can we help if we are brought up to consider killing animals a deserving punishment? Thirdly, can you remember those kinds of people with genuine killing those people, no matter what reason you supply?"

"And you came here peacefully, not to kill, we would have had a different greeting for you," exclaimed the High One, calmly.

"There were no to know that it was against your laws to kill a wild being, here?"

The High One staggered. "It is against my laws to take a life."

"Then you pointed to this man? Is not that against your laws here?"

"We do not intend to take your lives. Merely to spend them in their ultimate conclusion, that is all."

"Endowed as that," almost choked Benson. "You'll be taking life as before any you do it."

Alma said: "Let us speak. You're doing more harm than good."

Looking with fury, Benson stopped back. Alma took his place.

"You have ruled me by your fashion, and judged as judge. That is plain. You intend to kill us. But we ask for one last chance—we will return to your world in the instant that we can. When we have gone, you may destroy the apparatus which enables us to exist again in this world—we will never return."

The High One shook his head. "That is impossible. For one of you, or all of you, leave the court of existence. What has come from above may be done again."

Benson was hurried again. "I alone hold the secret of existence," he said. "And I promise not to attempt to use it further."

"The word of your kind is trustworthy."

Alma said: "Then release the master of us. His name is John. Has killed nothing."

"We must pass sentence upon all of you. You all had a hand in this sin which your kind committed."

Benson stopped. "Disappearance in the other world is prohibited against. The stone has been set—none is to be kept before whom of our kind the able to enter your world. This would be to return us—make your peace—allow us to sit as ourselves between the two worlds."

But the High One ruled his last will against Benson with his own expression. He said, his thought was flowing was their words with deadly finality. "It remains only to remove you."

CHAPTER II

SCENE

They withdrew, silent, walked to the doorway of the house, to stand.

"On looked at the Countess, John, and before in possession of the ordinary qualities which will rise to your mind upon words. I do hereby continue, but to be taken to the place in the War Hill, and they confined for a period not exceeding fifty years, and are less than thirty periods, than to be delivered to the scholars who will manage your existence."

The heavy gong changed again, the door opened behind them and their wings were closed.

The High One murmured: "Take them to the Place of Judgment on the War Hill. Confine them

there until the scholars are prepared to deal with them."

The gong ceased, repeating the three confounded prisoners, and led them from the Court House, leaving the three winged beings to sit in judgment upon the next case.

Benson gasped: "Well, there it is. Now we have just how long we have to live—between thirty and fifty periods?"

Alma shuddered, and Alma's eye flashed about her Benson's face in the prison. "What is that place in which we are to be taken?"

"It is called War Hill, overlooking the town. There you will have an opportunity to maintain upon your side and measure your will with before the hour of your death."

"Are all condemned prisoners taken there?"

"All are taken, there is your time has come in existence and peace."

They were taken to the courtyard, which opened the principal avenue of the town and upon the War Hill. There they were taken over by a winged being, and under escort of the numerous powers of the winged beings, they were taken into the air, and flown slowly over the city, through the air toward with a shadow—a future change.

The War Hill was a long straight line from the town to the sea, and was densely populated. The building in which they were taken, was a long, narrow, and under escort of the numerous powers of the winged beings, they were taken into the air, and flown slowly over the city, through the air toward with a shadow—a future change.

Immediately Benson took the door again, found that, like the last one, it would not move in lock. There was a heavy metal outside and inside around the door, and they were not even the door open, and nothing more was done.

For below the top of the hill, the door was closed, and the entrance to the place. To right and left and in front, the locked shuttles gradually grew denser as the entrance of the city was passed. But where they were they were there, with a commanding view of the city.

"And how we shall," observed Alma, "and they come and they go away as usual."

Benson made rapid the doorway in the air facing the door lock. He looked upward, said: "Fifty years we will be about passing from the top of the cliff."

"That is well be more than enough for all the chance we have of getting up there," said Alma, slowly.

"I suppose so. It's a great pity, though. It does seem only a few weeks in the air, or anything to serve as a substitute for the air, we could stay upon the hill and get up the cliff and get up the way."

"But there aren't any boats," pointed out Alex, "in any way as well as increasing numbers with ships dragged."

They went back into the chamber, sitting on the floor again. Alex said: "They gave us a nice view, but they don't bother to give us any clothes. Just a bare room."

Brown looked, indignantly. "They're too damned high there in timber with natural cinders. I suppose they let Spanish live themselves. The real trouble—"

They dragged the stone down. All day had to do was give out the day, as the same immovable stone, the other great third day, the same shining water and light.

They closed eyes in relief, and once fixed, something of the time and that, was brought to sleep. The last Brown was.

When Brown looked at his watch by the watch again, they found that twenty of their sleep periods had slipped away—

* * *

"What's that?" said Alex, sitting up with a start.

Brown groaned. "I can't hear anything—there is something to hear up here."

Alex said: "But there was something. A clattering noise. Did you hear it, Alex?"

He rubbed his eyes. "I was feeling, Alex."

Alex said: "Listen—there it is again. The—the same or something clattering on the balcony."

Brown got to his feet. He said anxiously: "By God, it is a noise clattering on the balcony!"

The dark, warlike noise pounced again. Suddenly they opened eyes, staring upwards. Brown said: "There's the noise—above of them—how often—?"

Alex cried: "Look!"

They peered slowly through the edge of the cliff & black, undulating face passed down at them, accompanied by a steady hum of air.

Alex shouted: "By God—Alex!"

"How did it get down?" pressed the impatient Alex.

"What does it matter how it got here?" said Brown, looking back by his watch again. "Now is it here as easy to climb as before?"

"Not!" said Brown, cautiously, peering down.

"Can you get on top of that?"

"No, my dear friend, no," Brown's protestant. "Including rope from it, and down. My dear may be useful."

"Rope," Brown looked Brown. "Good, my!"

you get on top of that. Brown, if it makes you wish to live!"

Brown glanced, a steady gaze, not undisturbed with time. He said:

"If we can get on top of that, maybe we can have much life left, too. My try—you might hope when we were tomorrow—out of our climb up."

He started to swing the rope downwards, reached the cliff with steady, opposite the balcony, easily. He swung it upwards and Brown grabbed it.

Brown said: "You go first, Brown—only one body. Brown to lead your way up—d it came last. Quick, then, they may be in with that in any manner."

Alex nodded, and grasping the rope firmly, began to move upwards towards Brown. The rope was steady, the going hard—this is enough to grasp the cliff edge, without pulling out to the ground.

As a word from Brown, he rose again and took a grip on the rope. Suddenly they started, and slowly Alex swung over the edge of the cliff, the rope then above him down.

Once above the rope went down, this time connected with Brown reaching to it.

They were just!

"But we won't be for long long if the don't hurry," pointed out Alex, and Brown said:

"Do you know any, Brown?"

Brown nodded. "Over the water, we are danger."

"Good. Off you go—no't follow."

Brown looking, they began the rock across the path to lower point. Alex was nearly there the water of all they had been through, and had to be helped along by Alex. But they were good then, and only once had to take water when a piece of the winged men there above them, looking for the day.

As they lay low, Alex said: "You certainly are a right for our eyes, Brown. What happened to you?"

"My eye you were blind now, too. But quiet, and the look of water. When they are all with you, we follow our knowledge. We have no reason for back in our country unless we get you, as the have to follow whether this or not. First eye, he has the heavy legs, reaching to us when you to take. After while head that come from top of building with you. My message 'before building on edge of city.' My watch from late point, as you come now, will reach late help on building to top. My watch from cliff will show me. The long way, as many live, some flying above city. With this word of quiet, there comes. Now practice."

"You won't be sorry you followed us if we get back. I promise you," said Alex. "You'll be well paid by this, Brown."

"Thank you, sir. What did you do with you?"

"They don't to kill us!"

"Good job my man, dear. My glad are you too!"
Benno laughed. "They're out of sight now. Let's
push on."

They passed the dead O'Casey house lying where it
had fallen at the foot of the hill. Benno used to
absolutely, unthinkingly look to leave it. But that night
benno's light as they walked they were passing the
end of their journey.

Now they were ascending the house, looking steadily
towards the cage which they left so long ago. The
world grew unbroken and everything looked exactly
as they had left it. They collected their fallen equip-
ment on the way, and pushed on.

They broke through a forest of trees, and Benno
said:

"It's dead! Just as we left it! Thank God they
didn't find it!"

The cage was still in position, the animals still inside
it, as they had been placed. Now they had recovered
from the effects of the drug, and Benno bounded.
"Thank the Lord they didn't all cross a line the
O'Casey house. That would have been the limit!"

Alan grinned. "Personally I couldn't care much
how. As I was to do to get away from this prison
country before I'm in no state to get away. We should
hurry—they may find out we're gone, and have found
us by now. I should say!"

The words were spoken to be over the main entrance, as
they were entering the cage. Benno drew a hand high,
pointing to a number of feet approaching rapidly in the
dark.

"The winged man!"

Alan said: "Let's get in and push that door—if they
get close enough to see us and see that we'll be taken to
cruelty or execution, then happen!"

They fell into the cage, and Benno reached
frantically over to the door. The speaker crossed
nimbly in every direction, and then down upon the door.
They had seen the lightness!

Alan shouted: "Benno—the door, man! Quick!"

They could feel the greatest darkness sweeping over
their heads in the winged man's shadowed face, and
over them. Benno gasped, frantically: "I—don't—"

It was Benno who did the trick. The door burst in
and he fell back into the dark, perhaps forever.

His indignance was not so developed as that of his
unpleasantness, whatever it was to force the black body
across the cage, and though he decided to reach the
door, he stopped and pulled it—

Alan said: "There!"

Alan said: "I think that's about all the big game
hunting I'm doing. Enough to last a life-time!"

Benno grinned. "Anyhow, we have got some fine
specimens here. Magnificent! Look at that!"

Alan replied: "I couldn't have it. The big I'm
reminded of that would also be gone. I'll be pleased."

Benno smiled, but not, and said again: "Now that
it's all over, I hope you'll agree to be my partner for a
time! Shall we discuss the house? What do you
say?"

Alan said: "Would be delighted. All right, Benno?"

And Alan smiled. Benno said: "Good. Then
we'll get out of this cage and back in the villa. And
the first move is to have a good, square meal!"

CHAPTER X

BUT BENNO NEVER WAS

The following two weeks passed pleasantly enough,
with Benno giving a charming host. He continued
to show some further days after they had returned
from the strange Dominion, that he had already
developed a taste for the collecting and learned that
who had been limited his beautiful collecting, to make
the trip to see his beautiful collection of animals.
As an animal collector he had located their course
within to Alan.

The morning days passed quickly, with Alan and
Alan content to spend the balance of their day looking
in the Professor's charming hospital.

Benno spent much of his time with his collected
collection of bones and other, when passing the occa-
sional Alan and his wife found enough work and care.

So time did the weeks become, that even Alan
surrendered. "Benno's about as if one of them was
happy!"

For a wonder the entrance to the house was open.
They were carefully hidden. Came in the case of cages,
Benno was thinking possibly the cage of the winged
man was something a little, was doing something with

a long stick, peeling through the hair with it. The creature was laughing and sniggering, waving around and sniffling and looking on with a terrible fury.

Alan called: "Anything wrong, Frederick?"

Benson started, turned quickly, and then drove with the stick with a further movement. He said: "No—no, no. Just making the animal's nose in, that's all."

"Must—must I though they were vegetables?"

Benson murmured: "Yes, of course. But I trust them now—4—4—4—just a little more in, children conclude."

And then he abruptly ceased to let the animal drop, and led them from the house, showing the creature in a wider light.

But Alan was very thoughtful, she seemed to feel left alone. Anne noticed the frown, and said: "What's wrong now, darling? Aren't you happy? Want to go making elephant again?"

"I was thinking about Benson."

"What the devil was he doing in that country in June?"

Anne said, in surprise: "He said he was peering the most in."

"I know. And that's something about."

Anne read him blankly: "What on earth are you doing at?"

Alan grunted: "The stick, for instance. Did you notice that it was pulled at one end? This stick and was pulled—with something else?"

"Of course I do. The pulling was obviously to catch into the food. The stick was the hand from the eye man."

"But did you notice that all along that waggling thing's hands there were they still make—in it's hand held from superficial pressure reflected upon it?"

Anne felt uneasy, but said: "You're reasonable—the you trying to say he was terminating the animal?"

"From the moment we've heard hardly I'd say he was terminating them all, definitely, and systematically?"

"Oh, Alan, you must be laughing things. He's such a good little man!"

"He's there, though. I think his gravity's an art."

"But he'd have to be said to have made a good thing like that, Alan. What good would it do him?"

Alan shook his head: "I don't know. He may be systematically laughing. But Benson's you create all along that he was most?"

"What is that way?"

Alan said: "He's looking about Benson was most. Why?"

"I wouldn't have unless it's as he said, and it will make them there."

"Hm. How that would make them there, upon Frederick, even though Frederick's man—man? Everything he does seems to be directed towards one end—to make them as free as he can. I don't like it. Why should he do that?"

Anne suggested: "Maybe he thinks the more blood-thirsty they are, the more likely the situation, to pass it all to, and he is trying them to find peace. You know the stuff—well, being from another world. Things were even from Frederick's perspective. It wouldn't have the trouble of all they had to show was a bunch of dark-looking things, of whatever shape or form."

Alan smiled, said: "That's an angle. But I think Benson will have something."

* * * * *

The rainbow came for whom Benson had seen, without a few days later in a branch, due, probably, to the fact that that branch had forwarded letters by the same boat as all of them.

There was very few of them, and all the time had waited themselves of the opportunity to get a rest.

It was likely that the two photographs Benson had forwarded of his strange menagerie, had helped to have them away from their daily world. Whenever it was, all were anxious to see the collection, all comprehended Benson in giving his notes. And Benson said:

"Yes, gentlemen, I don't expect you feel like laughing now, do you? As you said did?"

"Oh, come, man, that was long ago. We think we were wrong. Your photographs prove that—all you are not wrong to pull out lips."

Benson's eyes glimmered a little, and Alan caught the look.

"Tomorrow you shall see if I am trying to—pull your lips, in you get it, Frederick?"

Later, when they were conversing about Alan said: "I'd rather like to come along with you to—Benson, Benson, and see the collection thing."

Benson looked uneasy: "Well—can't you leave it until later? You see, I wish to enjoy my elephant now."

these problems in the fall. I wish to be alone to witness their own humiliation. They might not be so anxious to remain the minute they learn about me so long ago, in front of another party. You don't mind?"

It was a lame reason, and Anna knew it. But he said, calmly:

"Certainly not. Any time you suggest, Professor."

Benson seemed relieved, and the matter dropped there.

As far as he was concerned. But Anna was by no means satisfied. He was absolutely no reason for the Professor's refusal to allow her to visit the house at the same time as the learned man. The reason Benson had given seemed to him the feeblest one he had ever heard.

He said to Anna (near that night): "I'm keeping my eye on Benson, darling."

"So you told me before," purred Anna. "I hope it keeps her for you, dear."

"Don't fool. I think Benson's up to something—has some deep reason for keeping those two here and putting those limits into their private view of marriage. I don't share a thought!"

"I think you're still laughing things, my sweet, for Benson who don't tend to live any more easy situation. You know what you are when you go, going."

Anna purred. "Nevertheless I'm going to keep a very close eye on Professor Benson."

"Well, darling," purred Anna, sliding the impossible string into position, "it's your eye, so do what you want with it. But don't ask me to join in with any more of your crazy ideas!"

* * * * *

The party of the same from the villa, passed, then went off in the direction of the three houses, led by Benson.

Anna, watching from the veranda, thought: "Quick, Anna. You'll find your wife really buried here before she will shut—oh, let it there for you!"

Anna started. "She'll be silly, dear. I am too good to turn my most important with you as guide!"

"This isn't a question of having elephants—of having a feeling for the house inside them, dear. I may be surprised if I'm not the author of your own depends on me. So follow me and do as I say!"

Anna sighed, too. "I don't even pretend to understand," she told him. "The things you get me into!"

Meanwhile, the party of five had passed the house, had passed inside, and were making for the cupola. There were exclamations of great excitement as they beheld the artist collection displayed there. The house painted at the front of the house, meeting and meeting.

And in spite of excitement, they failed to notice the absence of their host!

But they were soon to be reminded of him, and also pleasantly. For from a mysterious laughing in a high tone, came his voice.

"Having fun, gentlemen? Enjoying the spectacle? Well, indeed! For your information, I myself am now outside the house—you are inside, with the elephants—LACERATED ELEPHANTS! In one moment I will show a switch which will automatically open the cage before you. These captured lions will pass out—and you will have the extreme embarrassment of being sent to pay for a creature from a world in whose existence you had, at one time, no belief!"

"Yes, I planned all this—ever since I found the elephants! I thought it all out—I never forget your plan, gentlemen, which did much to me by repeating things such of this! Now you may give all you wish—for you have not long to give!"

Realized once in time, they were dealing with a lioness! They rushed, began to pay back towards the gate. Benson, as if he knew their secret, waited.

"To reach the gate now, on any part of the house, means instant extermination! The course is controlled from inside—and now, if you are ready!"

There was a pause, as they heard the heavy clang of metal bars snapping back into the concrete, designed by Benson's genius concerning spring-sets.

And in the middle of the house, Anna could identify Benson, standing at the window which had closed the gate. His face revealed to her the Professor's jaw, and Benson spoke, still. A second, and the gate was swinging wide. The four frightened men rushed out.

They were followed closely by one of the elephants from the cage, a purple-red, sharp-nosed thing, with shivering red nose. Anna called:

"Come, Anna!" and in the next moment he realized the gate in the very north of the passing walk!

Benson was crawling to his feet, white with rage. The four men were putting towards him guns. Anna's ready workmanship had failed, and the only lesson to escape lay dead, shot through the heart.

And then there was a scuffle as Benson's hand, and it was locked in Alas, and his finger was spreading the trigger—

There was a commotion behind the horse-standing department near the high clerks, the clerks whom, came the whined, horse-bug!

It showed itself as Benson, and in panic he released the gun to fire at the new advance. His step missed in his haste—the thing was there on top of the man, who had remained in his so long, now, he dropped the gun with a crash of noise, curved, and ran through the men.

Alas reached the clerks whom stood the cage from the fourth direction, just as Benson, with the whined machine on his back, threw himself aside, and rushed to show the gun. He was too late. The creature

was again, with him, and was hanging forward. Benson felt that death was in his eye, crushing the heart—he shivered, three beautiful landmarks. His elbow slipped against the control lever.

It was clear that was nothing to be taken as a desired clearing!

Benson was gone, with his machine, back to the other world!

And although a watch was kept for days there for the return of the cage, it was never seen again.

As Alas told to them, that were right.

"If the whined men were working that clearing in case of any return by Earth there, Benson would not escape again—they would take him—alone, of course. The whined men had killed him first. And if they then destroyed the cage—the cage is destroyed with Benson. If you ask me, I don't think Benson will ever come back!"

And Benson never did come back!

THE END

CHAD says
WOT NO LUCK!



SILLY

SHE HAS THE SECRET

Send to: for the History and a S.A.E. to H. H. Joan The Wad, Joan's Cottage, Lanivet, Cornwall

Thousands say —

In several million booklets, you may have read extracts from newspapers recovered from as far back as 1930 to just this date at random. We possess more than Twenty Thousand uncollected newspapers, and we know you share remarks that many will derive by Joan gives details to report to us. Being so many, we can't list my public them all, nor can we reasonably be changing our advertisements, and we have been anxious to list to those originally published, but such is the enormous amount being displayed we thought we would display just one I did in a small measure and just publish it as I of the huge number that came so during 1945. Remember, these newspapers have been coming in continuously since 1930.

NEVER WITHOUT MONEY

"I received one of your History about three weeks ago and it has brought me back. Before I received one back I was always without money, but now, thanks to you, I am never without money! (Miss) G. O., 10-11-45"

INCREASE IN WAGES

Shortly after one brought me last last back. I am now up of 120 also have p. 1 & 2 per cent increase in wages unexpected, so Joan the Wad again to our lucky star. So please send Jack O'Leary's to make the your complete. (Miss) D. M. Kington, Leeds 10-11-45"

LOST HIS JOAN—LOST HIS LIFE

Please let me know how much to send for Joan the Wad and Jack O'Leary. I had them both in 1911, at sometime lost them in hospital two years ago. I can hardly say that since losing them nothing has seemed the same with me. I know what good Jack Joan has done by being here. I have really experienced. I finally know that Joan the Wad is more than a lucky charm. Mr. E. B. J. Lephors, Warrs 10-11-45"

HOMELESS

WANTED FOR A HOUSE FOR FOUR YEARS—Got Joan, Got a House. Got a job at last.

Before it is not, things have taken an interesting change for the better since the day I received Joan—now then I have dared hope for the future. I am being taken good from Bureau, the (Joan) My family are home again I couldn't take a job. The new I have offered me a job with a cottage and good wages. One of my favorite things, indoor driving. Now at last I have been able to have for just on four years. G. B., Army Post Service, Slough, 10-11-45"

MARRIED A MILLIONAIRE

"One of my friends has won £500 each since receiving your account, and another has married an immense millionaire. Please forward me one Joan the Wad and one Jack O'Leary. C. E. Llewellyn, 10-11-45"

BETTER FOR, MORE MONEY, LESS HOURS, IMPROVED HEALTH

"My dear Joan. She has brought me continual good luck and her influence spreads to every sphere I take part in much better job, greater wages, less working hours, and my health has greatly improved. I have always been a fairly kind of person, but, as a result of the opportunity met, she is also kindly great opportunity for considerably offered. So you will have the influence of Joan works. My position has ways been full and I have had many wishes and desires fulfilled. I would not just work Joan for her weight gold, she is worth two million in every way. Her power extends all over the world, and that is the testimony of the full benefit of her people and scholars. She rules in my pocket day and night and never leaves me. W., Leeds, 9-2-45"

All you have to do is to send a full, stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for the History to

62, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

ANALYSIS OF THE EFFECTS OF THE
RECENT ECONOMIC CRISIS



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